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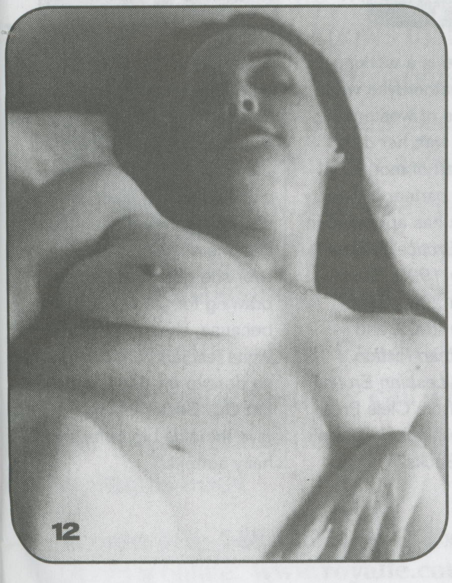

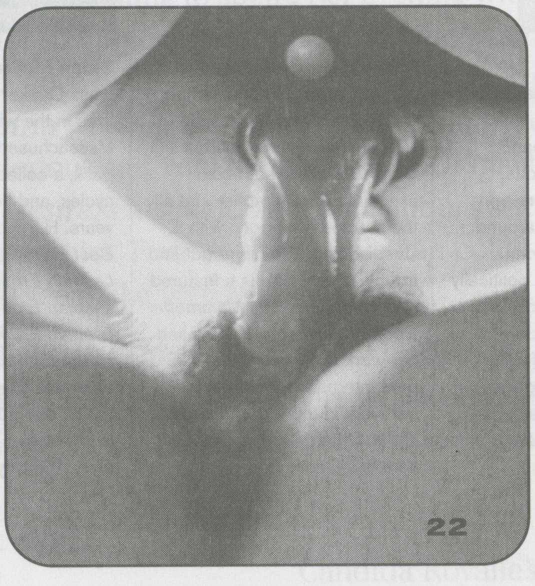

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Media Whores

Recently my girlfriend handed me a big box of old magazines she found in the garage. Inside was: *Bad Attitude*, *Quim*, *Frighten the Horses*, and *Drummer*–all the hot queer smut that helped shape me into a big dykey perv. It was great to look back at all that old porn. But I was sad to realize most of it is no longer published. The market for queer smut isn't as big as we'd like it to be. Our cover models, Web pornographers Alexi and Zille, bemoan this fact and tell us why more women need to buy porn in their interview on page 30.

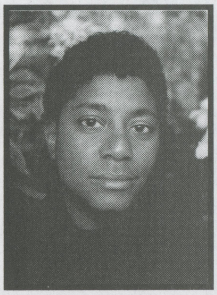
One of the ways in which **On Our Backs** has stayed alive all these years is by constantly evolving and responding to the changes in our community. Our most recent evolution is on page 43. We've changed the title of our "Cheers + Jeers" column to "Media Whore." We're whores for media–we consume so much of it. And we're sick of wasting our precious ink on "jeering" the same old losers like Fred Phelps. The new column will reflect the myriad ways in which our sexuality is represented in the media. And for all you fellow media whores out there, if you read something you think belongs in our column, e-mail it to me at diana@onourbacksmag.com.

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor

Doing my part to keep queer smut alive.

contributors



Lenn Keller, who wrote "Butch-Femme 2K" on page 28, is a filmmaker, fine arts photographer, and musician. She has written, directed, and produced two short 16mm films that have screened internationally, including her award-winning film, *Ife*, about the day in the life of a black French lesbian in San Francisco (distributed by Wolf Video on a video compilation called *Dyke Drama*). She's currently producing and directing a documentary film titled, *Desire: Exploring Butch/Femme.*

T.J. Bryan, author of "The Sending" on page 38, is a black-conscious, working-class, caribbean/urban queer polyamorous femme who has been re-born many times. This time around she is a perverted African queen on a mission of politically conscious flirtation and fornication. T.J. is a widely published author and former editor of *Fireweed* magazine. She cofounded the black lesbian production house De Poonani Posse.

Michele Serchuk shot our pin-up Cat (p. 12) and Tamara + Clyde (p. 32) for this issue. Michele relishes her role as **On Our Backs**' east coast associate photographer and all the mischief that goes with it. (Just kidding. We never get into trouble. Ever.) She is a featured photographer in the *Mammoth Book of Illustrated Erotica* and her work appears regularly in print internationally. Look for her work in the Group Sex show at Art @ Large gallery in New York this December.

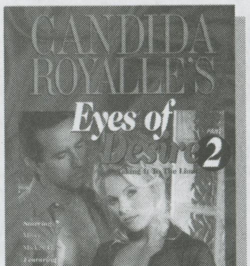
Skian McGuire is a working-class Quaker leatherdyke who lives in the wilds of western Massachusetts with her dog pack, a collection of motorcycles, and her partner of twenty years. Her work has appeared in *Best Bisexual Erotica 2*, *Best Lesbian Erotica 1999*, *Best Lesbian Erotica 2001*, *Best Lesbian Erotica 2002*, and *Harrington Lesbian Fiction Quarterly*. *Best Lesbian Erotica 2003*, due out from Cleis Press in November, will include Skian's story, "Gravity Sucks."

Rosemary Van Deuren, who contributed the sexy illustration on page 38, started drawing naughty lesbian pictures at the tender age of 14. Now, 11 years later, she paints and sculpts too. But she still jumps for joy whenever she gets to do a new drawing for **On Our Backs** because, she says, "black and white lesbian porn illustration is so dear to my heart, and **On Our Backs** lets me give the girls big butts and hairy armpits."

After
a day of
nabbing thieves
and thugs,
Lucille looked
forward to some
real action.

Candida Royalle

That's why Lucille is planning to spend her evening with Frankie—and a Femme erotic film. She knows that for sizzling, sensual action, nothing can match this line of films created from a woman's perspective by erotic film legend Candida Royalle. Tonight it's *Christine's Secret*, in which a charming country inn provides the lush setting for a mysterious and very hot love affair. Or maybe Frankie's favorite, *Eyes of Desire*, a lustful look at a neighbor's sexual encounters. Whichever one they pick, Frankie and Lucille can count on an evening that will make a day on the beat seem like, well, dullsville.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letters

NANCY NATHAN

And for Dessert?

You outdid yourself with the photos of Corey Parks. She is beautiful and has a fantastic body. I loved her "Fist Fuck" and "Princess Eat Me" tattoos. I would love having her fist fuck me and I would love to eat her. Please feature her in another pictorial.

Sherri Townsend
New Albany, Indiana

Toys 'R' Us

Thanks for reviewing our Web site, ScarletVenus.com in the October/November 2002 issue. Our whole staff loves **On Our Backs**. We would like to clarify that we are actually a sex toy shop that offers an e-zine, not just an e-zine/sexuality resource center alone, as the review indicated.

Nikole Jennings Johnson, CEO
Athena Media, Inc.

No More Bush

Nina Hartley mentioned shaving products for black men to help eliminate razor bumps ("Blade Runner" October/November 2002). She's talking about a hair depilatory called Magic Shave. I like to call it "Bush-be-gone." You can find it at most pharmacies in the ethnic hair care area. I have been using Magic Shave for years and highly recommend it. Great magazine, by the way. Your models are hot!

Domme Jez
Los Angeles, California

Northern Exposure

In the October/November 2002 issue, the editor explained that **On Our Backs** was now printed in Canada to prevent it from being stopped at the border ("Blame Canada"). Apparently Canada customs wants Canadians to produce our own porn. Real woman-woman sex in any form has never been illegal in Canada, and fisting certainly happens here. Canada customs officials who watch the mail for "degrading" American porn should skim through the biographical sketches in some current anthologies of erotic fiction, films, and other artwork to see where raunchy and particularly GLBT writers, artists, and models come from. Since the population of Canada is only ten percent as large as the population of the U.S., if one out of every ten erotic stories, books, and films produced in the U.S. has Canadian content, it would seem that Canadians at large are just as dirty-minded as Americans. My guess is that Canadians have quite a hand (so to speak) in the business.

Jean Roberta
Saskatchewan, Canada

Army Babes Confess

My partner and I enjoyed the article "No Ass, No Tail" (October/November 2002). We both completed twenty years with the army in October of 1999. I was in the military police. My partner was in finance. The military is certainly no hotbed of lust for any lesbian. However it was a very wise career move on both our parts. We always felt very paranoid about the "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy but were able to maintain our relationship in the face of some very homophobic thinking by our peers. We were the models of discretion while on base; off base, we did as we pleased.

Rachel Simmons and Judith Holister
Via the Internet

Fleshy Femme Lover

I want all the bigger lesbians to know that there are a few femme gals who long to take them over the edge. Your rag is the bomb. I love it and thank you for making life as a lesbian femme so much brighter. I look forward to every issue of **On Our Backs**.

Kathleen Easter
Marlin, Texas

In-trans-igent

I know the pro-trans/anti-trans debate may be getting old, but I had to respond to the letter from Mistie Green (August/September 2002). Her claim that transfolk are disgusting freaks with twisted minds sounds just like the hateful homophobic rhetoric used to condemn any kind of lesbian sex. I think Jessica Choplin is beautiful and hot, and I'm delighted by the range of women and sexuality you show in your photos and stories. I may be a woman-born woman and a lesbian, but your transwomen and SM pictorials make me very wet. If that makes me a twisted freak, so be it!

Penelope Blue
Via the Internet

Thanks for having the courage and pride to include transfolks in the magazine. It was a little jarring to hear myself and other members of the trans community referred to as freaks in the letters section of the August/September 2002 issue, but I am very thankful to the folks who wrote in praise of trans inclusion and celebration. Kudos to you for showing both sides of the story.

Clark [last name witheld]
Burlington, Vermont

In response to Mistie Green (Letters, August/September 2002), it's no longer 1970. Roseburg, Oregon, is the place for womyn folk like you. Pack your bags and head out to and live with the womyn of the woods on owl land. Happy camping.

D.K. Brown, Butch Daddy Genderbender
Via the Internet

---

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adventure.girl

A Role in the Hay

by Tristan Taormino

illustration by Fish

I've never fucked my boss. Well, not exactly. But my most memorable erotic experience as a teenager happened in the workplace. When I was in junior high, I had a crush on a female classmate who was assertive, brash, and one of those girls who "developed early" (read: had big boobs). She was a tall, curvaceous Long Island Italian Princess. We used to hang out after school, and my favorite game went like this: She was my male boss and I was her secretary. I had to do whatever she said or I would lose my job.

"Miss Taormino, please come into my office."

Most of the time, my tasks strayed from taking dictation to sexual service. I always had to be "forced" into it with threats of unemployment, but eventually I would yield. She'd press her lips into mine and slip her tongue in my mouth. Sometimes, she made me rub her crotch through these thin cotton pants she wore, and I could feel the material get damp as her breathing quickened. When she thought I had done an especially poor job filing, she'd shove my face between her legs, and when I conjure up the memory today, I swear I can still smell her cunt. Sometimes she'd grab my wrists and hold me down, leaving bright ruby marks on my pale skin. The game itself never changed, but I got off each and every time. The hottest part was the power she held over me and the idea that I was trading sex for my job. It was my introduction into the world of fantasy role-playing, erotic power dynamics, and SM.

Of course, these teenage trysts happened way before sexual harassment gained national visibility with the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas debacle. They drew blithely on the reality that sexual tension, banter, and relationships are unavoidable for many people at work. As adults, perverts like me see the erotic potential of the corporate power structure itself. As superiors direct and train their subordinates, we see doms ordering and disciplining their subs. The boss's approval, a co-worker's mistake, or a kiss-ass employee's advancement could all be the makings of a hot scene to us. All that said, I don't actually fuck where I work. I'm much fonder of playing the boss-secretary scenario than literally doing it. Besides, who says you need an actual Xerox machine to get paddled over one? In fact, erotic role-playing has become one of my new passions. I always knew those college theater classes would come in handy someday, and I'll bet my professors didn't imagine I'd be using what they taught me to fulfill my sexual fantasies.

I love erotic role-playing because it allows me to explore different sides of my personality, fresh sexual dynamics, and new sexual worlds. My role-playing is ultimately driven by characters. The people I want to play with usually come to me while I am jerking off. But sometimes I will smell a certain perfume or spot a pair of shoes I'd never wear, and my mind starts going. Once I've figured out a new role, of course, I need a partner to play with, and luckily my tranny boy is just as creative and spontaneous as I can be.

We were shopping in a vintage clothing store, and I spotted a pair of blue coveralls.

"Try them on," I said.

He cocked his head slightly, but obeyed. They fit him perfectly, so I bought them. I told him to come over later that evening wearing his new costume. I put on a silk robe I borrowed from a friend and made myself a mock martini. Just wearing someone else's clothes and holding a martini glass in my hand helped me transform into a rich, bored housewife. He knocked on the door, and as he stood there in the navy coveralls, he was transformed.

He presented me with car keys and a bill from a car repair shop (nice touch!). We exchanged some dialogue. He discovered that my neglectful husband was once again out of town. I was sure he was flirting with me. He was rough around the edges and a little more crude than I was used to. I was a bitch with an unsatisfied craving simmering beneath the surface. What followed was a subtle dance to see who might get the upper hand. I was snobby and tried to order him around; the patch on his chest said "service," but he was sick of being polite to all his customers. We teased and tested each other until I was bent over the dining room table with my ass in the air. He fucked me fast and hard, whispering nasty things in my ear. We devoured each other with abandon as if sex between us was brand new–which it was for the housewife and the mechanic. I can't wait until the car needs a tuneup again. **oob**

> the hottest part was the power she held over me, and the idea that i was trading sex for my job.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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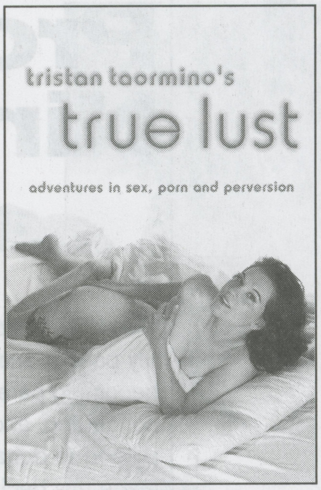
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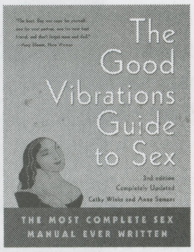
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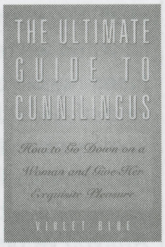
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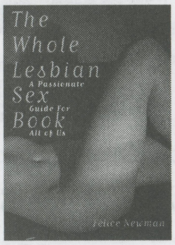
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CHLOE ATKINS

Fertile Imagination

My partner and I have been discussing becoming parents. I will be the one conceiving, and her single brother has agreed to donate sperm. But ever since we made this decision, I find myself fantasizing about the thought of intercourse with her brother. I love my girlfriend and I know I'm a lesbian; I have absolutely no attraction to males, but I feel twisted!

You're not twisted, just human. Enjoy the fantasy for as long as you have it, since it's connected to the momentous occasion of becoming pregnant. You don't have to act it out; since you're a lesbian it really wouldn't go well in real life and most likely it would needlessly complicate matters. So many times I wished I had kept something a fantasy only! The best way is to go to an established fertility clinic. He produces a specimen under certain conditions and it is delivered to your fallopian tubes under proper conditions. Good luck and congratulations!

Strapped In and Out

I have just started using a strap-on with my girlfriend. I feel sort of ridiculous, but she really likes getting fucked with it. The thing is, when we're really getting into it, sometimes my dick slips out of her pussy and it kind of ruins the moment. Can you give me some pointers? Are there any good ways to get off while I'm wearing it?

Ah, you've discovered what even biological men have known for years: in the heat of the moment an errant stroke easily disconnects the plug from the socket. I've been strapping it on for twenty years now, and, with practice, it happens less and less. As you get more experienced, it will feel easier and less ridiculous. Give yourself permission to tap into your sexual desire power and get the thrust of it, so to speak. It took me a while to let myself enjoy a hot woman who liked to get donged. In the meantime, try some adequate light and start with doggie- and missionary-style; in those positions you can see better. Until you get the hang of fucking by braille, seeing your cock go in and out will help keep it in place. Eventually the silicone becomes an extension of your clit–and that's the key to your getting off, too. Above all, practice makes perfect, so I hope she's horny!

Would-Be Team Player

I'm a forty-six-year-old lesbian and would like to attend my first play party. But I'm a little self-conscious about my age and my weight. I have been to one before, but only to watch, not to participate.

It's perfectly normal to be nervous before taking such a big step. It often takes several parties before a beginner figures out the social structure and gets into gear. Honor your shyness and nervousness and know that nothing may happen at your first or second party. And although you cannot do anything about other people's size-ism and ageism, you can be well groomed, generally fit, and confident of your motivations (finding a partner? just fun? anonymous sex with a woman?). Age and size are not as important as being in good shape, mentally and physically: it shows that you take care of yourself and can help you attract others. Finally, Carol Queen has written a great book, Exhibitionism for the Shy, *which I highly recommend. Following the ideas in her book will go a long way in freeing you from the fears that prevent you from living out your fantasy. Let me know how it goes!*

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415.648.4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Talk Dirty in Bed

by Rachel Venning

Talking as a turn-on isn't just about saying, "Fuck me, oh yeah!" It's about expressing yourself sexually. It's the key not only to hot sex, but to deep soul connection to your partner. Talking dirty in bed, it turns out, requires each of us to tap into a deep well of creative erotic energy. The circumstances of your life may change, lovers can come and go, you may be single or partnered, but if you know what you want and can speak your desire, you'll have erotic joy throughout your life.

1. Know Thyself.

If you don't know what turns your crank, there's no way you'll be able to ask your partner for what pleases you. Masturbate yourself into bliss, and let both your imagination and your vocal chords go wild. Grunt, growl, talk, or moan, but make some noise. If you aspire to be one of those older women who radiate sexual charisma and satisfaction, start practicing now on tuning into your erotic self and broadcasting the word.

2. Dial "O" on the Pink Telephone. Speak at the Tone.

Masturbation is much maligned as the last recourse of those who can't get a date, but that Neanderthal view will only leave you dependent on skilled partners for sexual satisfaction. Take your love life into your own hands; masturbation is, as Betty Dodson says, "the love affair with yourself that lasts a lifetime." Make a self-love date and treat yourself as you would a cherished lover. Prepare for your masturbation by pampering yourself and creating a sensuous environment for your date. Give yourself time and space to really explore yourself. As you touch yourself, start talking. Narrate out loud the story of your orgasm and don't skip any details.

GO BACK TO SCHOOL

Like most anything, to be a maestra of sexual communication, it helps to get some instruction. Check out some of the following resources for adult sex education. The Body Electric School offers weekend-long workshops for women on self-defined eroticism. You'll also learn how to give (and receive) a full-body erotic massage. At women-run sex toy stores, educational programs (including workshops on talking dirty) are regular evening fare. Independent sex educators such as Annie Sprinkle regularly tour, giving workshops and performances.

3. Cultivate Your Fantasy Life.

If you don't have a full tank of sexy scenarios bubbling up and ready to rev your engine, it can be helpful to power the pistons with pornography and erotica. One-handed reading (in the form of skin mags or steamy literature) or sexy DVDs can help you figure out what makes you hot. Look at them with your lover and talk about what turned you on.

4. Smut Mouth.

Let yourself go with the dirty talk: "Stuff it in harder, you nasty pig!" sounds better than "Um, would you mind just pushing a little more?" Explicit language and four-letter words can be turn-ons in and of themselves, so it's important to be able to talk about your genitals. *Cunt* and *pussy* are two words that'll get you far in life. If you don't know what to say, try saying out loud what is happening: "I'm fucking you so good, I feel your pussy grabbing onto me, I'm going to give it to you so good..." The whole point is, it doesn't have to be poetry.

MICHELE SERCHUK

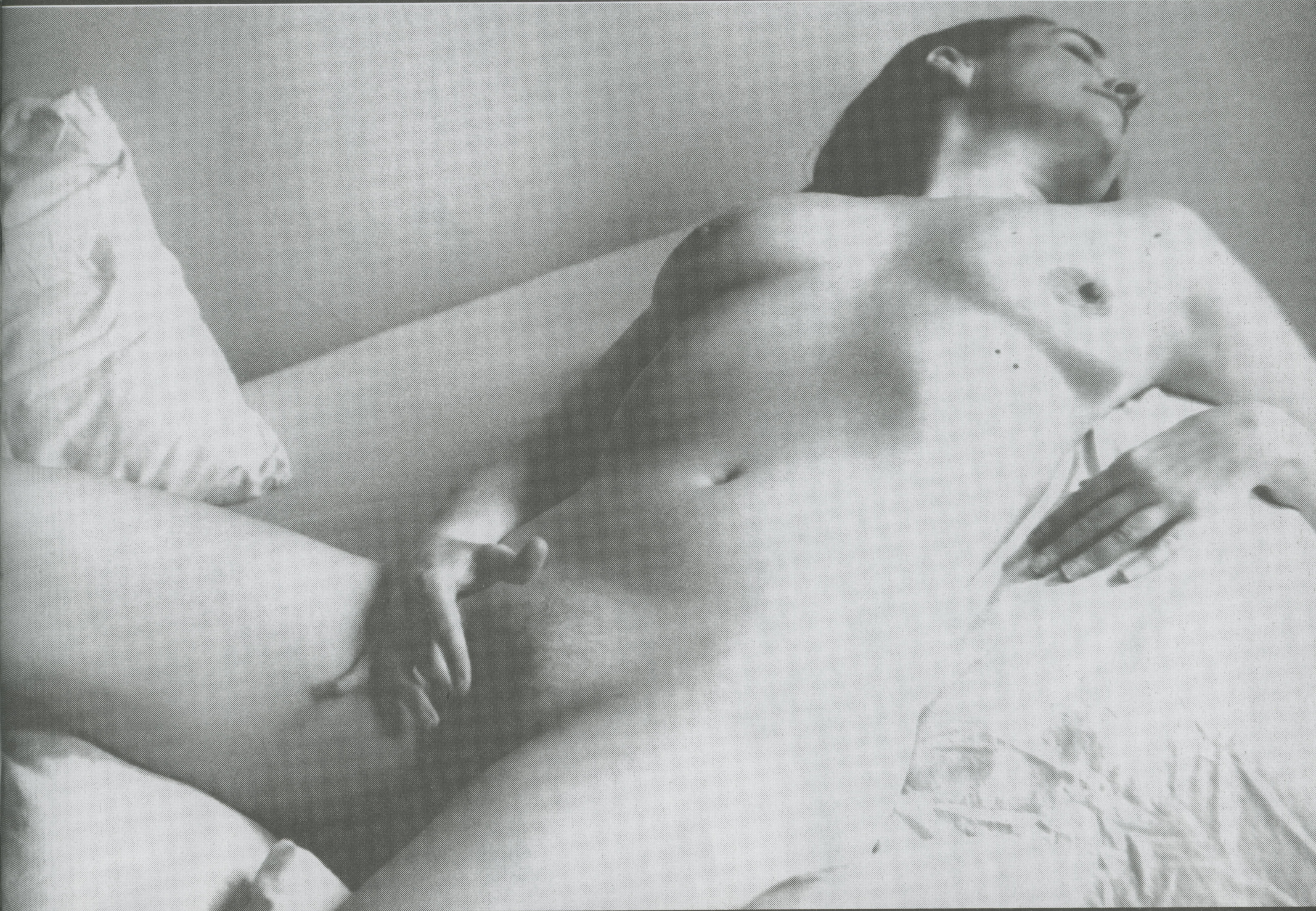
5. Compliment Her Outfit.

A hot outfit can help you feel stronger about your erotic self. What's hot to each person varies. To me, 501s that are about one day away from disintegrating into lint are the sexiest attire around. Others might find PVC hotpants the best way to strut their sexual stuff. Or maybe you cream for silk and chenille. It's also fun to take on another persona. Instead of dressing up as yourself, pick a sexy character or archetype and dress up as her or him. Ask your lover to play along, and use the costumes to inspire the dialogue: "Those sailor pants make me want to fuck you, cabin boy! Drop trou!"

6. Keep the Love Alive.

Novelty is one of the big factors that make sex exciting, but how do you keep novelty at the center of your sex life when you're in a monogamous relationship? Trying new things is the only way. And talking to her about the new things you want to do is the best way to make them happen. Whether it's a new position, location, toy, or dynamic, if you propose a fresh scene with your sweetie in which you take on other personas, it's almost like you're not monogamous after all. And remember that law of physics: "a body in motion tends to stay in motion." The same thing holds true for eroticism.

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of the sex toy store Toys in Babeland and the producer of www.babeland.com



cat

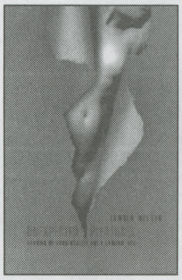
She's over forty and sexy as hell

photography by
Michele Serchuk

Name: Cat
Age: 44
Where do you live: Hell's Kitchen, New York City
Her relationship status: Going steady.
How she identifies: A versatile bi-switch.
Her favorite place to have sex: In a very luxurious hotel with a king-sized bed and a jacuzzi.
What she would like to try that she hasn't yet: Long-term monogamy (or polyamory, for that matter) with an adventurous partner.
Her favorite toys: Canes, my Josephine paddle, and a Hello Kitty vibrator.
How to get her interest: By wearing your heart on your sleeve; a police uniform couldn't hurt, either.
Her favorite fantasy: A big one used to be being in a girlie magazine, and here I am.
Her favorite sex act: Getting head from someone who can follow instructions. **dc**

Unexpected Pleasures: Leaving Heterosexuality for a Lesbian Life

by Tamsin Wilton
[DIVA Books/Red Hot Divas]



In *Unexpected Pleasures*, Tamsin Wilton relates the feelings and experiences of eighty lesbians interviewed about the changes that took place in their lives as they migrated from heterosexuality to lesbianism. What might have been a daunting tome (due to its exhaustive approach) comes alive with fascinating first-person interviews and entertaining observations from the author. The book presents a rounded picture of women of various ages and backgrounds, all of whom came out in different ways. Wilton's narration and organization are helpful and keep the stories moving along: longer interviews, for example are broken up with interesting passages from her research and fun quotes from the women in the study.

Bottom line: Wilton documents our lives. **rkb**

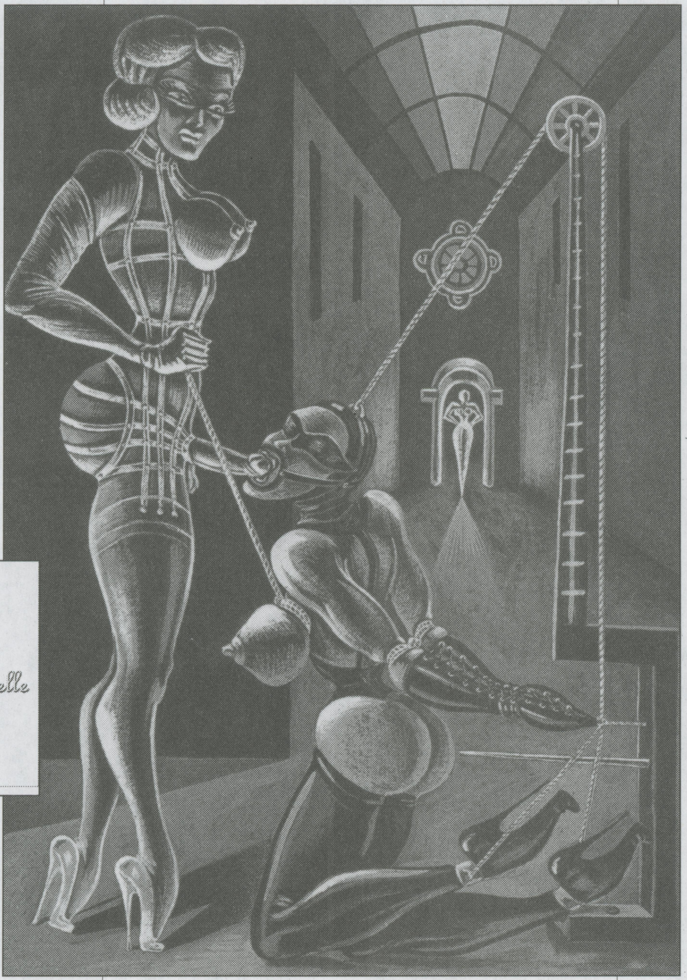
Mademoiselle

by Mirka Lugosi
[Last Gasp]

Mirka Lugosi
Mademoiselle
Last Gasp

In Parisian illustrator Mirka Lugosi's lustily weird world, voluptuous mistresses use animated cocks, disembodied hands, and other eerie delights to thrill and menace pneumatic femmes. And leering devil dogs watch in anticipation as bound slave girls are given enemas from human heart-shaped bottles. Accompanying the seductive and cerebral images are poetic passages that seem as if they were flowing from the characters' imaginations. Lush and odd, Lugosi's drawings are more sensual than sexy. The images draw you in to her beautiful, moody world, and it's one you'll want to spend time studying. I recommend this spooky, naughty book to anyone looking for something erotic and unique.

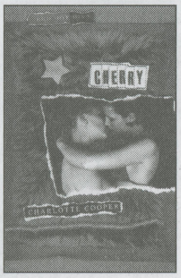
Bottom line: surreal Sapphic sex. **dc**



Cruel shoes and bubble-butts in *Mademoiselle*.

Cherry

by Charlotte Cooper
[DIVA Books/Red Hot Divas]



Cherry tells the story of Ramona, who loses her lesbian "cherry" while stalking London's dyke bars and then stumbles into an exhausting whirlwind of sex, drugs, and dyke drama. *Cherry* is extremely blunt and raw in its language; there's little foreplay here. The book was recently stopped at the Canadian border, so you know it must be hot. The ending surges into a slightly unrealistic dramatic arc, but by then we've come to know that the unpredictable is the only thing predictable about Ramona's spontaneous sexual adventures. *Cherry* is both an erotic spoof as well as a fast-paced story. My only criticism is that at times it's hard to keep track of the action, mainly because there is so much of it.

Bottom line: Fanny Hill 2K. **rkb**

True Lust

by Tristan Taormino
[Cleis]

tristan taormino's
true lust
adventures in sex, porn and perversion

For fans of Cleis's *Best Lesbian Erotica* series, here's your chance to get inside its prime mover, Tristan Taormino. No longer safe behind the mantle of editor or advisor, the prolific lesbian sexpert (whose other credits include *Pucker Up* and *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*) has collected into one helluva volume her *Village Voice, On Our Backs,* and new essays about her own erotic escapades. It's by far her best book yet. Readers are treated to a trip to a straight swingers party with her FTM lover; a workshop with masturbation guru Betty Dodson; an interview with an impresario who makes custom-order dildos from potatoes; and even a queer affair with a man Taormino calls her gay boyfriend. Almost Whitmanesque in its democratic scope and nonjudgmental take on American sexual diversity, *True Lust* is the bomb. All this, and from a dyke perspective, too!

Bottom line: *Sex in the City* for us. **hf**

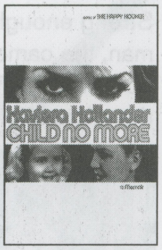
Child No More

by Xaviera Hollander
[Regan Books}

Child No More is Xaviera Hollander's sequel to her 1972 groundbreaking memoir, *The Happy Hooker*. One of Hollander's skills as an author is her ability to share incredibly intimate details of her stranger-than-fiction life with complete nonchalance. Her fascinating sex adventures continue, of

review staff
dc . Diana Cage
hf . Heather Findlay
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
tv . Tina Velasqez

course, but many other more poignant parts of her life also get touched on here. Her writing has matured and in this memoir, there's no need to skip ahead to the good parts. She writes lyrically of her childhood and describes her parents, especially her mother, with much warmth. She also writes fondly of her femme submissive and girlfriend of five years. It's a fascinating book and reading it made me feel as if I actually knew her.



Bottom line: Hollander is a smart old whore, and a dyke! **tv**

Rip-Off Red and **The Burning Bombing of America**

by Kathy Acker
[Grove Press]

I'm a huge fan of Kathy Acker–practically a disciple, really. So I was thrilled to read these posthumously discovered, previously unpublished short novels. Written early in her career, both works are raunchy and subversive and full of her typical wit and wordplay. *Rip-Off Red* reads like feminist, pornographic detective fiction. The comparison to Raymond Chandler is unavoidable, but she takes the genre and fucks it up in her own delicious, queer way. *The Burning Bombing of America* is a very visceral description of the destruction of America, full of Socialist class critique. Of the two, I enjoyed *Rip-Off Red* more. Her sexy, transgressive heroine voraciously seduces lovers, ambitiously fucking her way through pages and pages before ironically stating that she needs some excitement. If you've never read Acker, this is a good place to start. And if you love her as I do, you'll enjoy this peek into her youth. The writing is very personal, perhaps more so than her later work, and made me feel as if I was gaining insight into the unpolished, private Acker.

acker
RIP-OFF RED
AND
THE BURNING BOMBING
OF AMERICA

Bottom line: the more Acker, the better. **dc**

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Special Holiday Gift Guide!

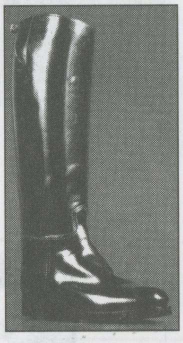
We asked our naughtiest staff members what sexy toys they were hoping to get their hot little hands on this holiday season. We hope the answers will give you some ideas for seducing your sweetie.

Rachel Kramer Bussel
editorial assistant
Star Raiser Paddle

When this paddle makes contact with naked skin, the cut-out design leaves a star-shaped mark. Perfect for Rachel, who likes to leave her mark on cute girls' asses. [Stormy Leather, $69.95]

Jen Phillips
assistant editor, Girlfriends
Mermaid Pearl Vibe

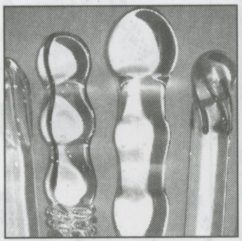
Jen likes this cool vibrator because it's covered in silicone, making it durable and easy to clean. The curvy mermaid goes deep-sea diving while the buzzing tail tickles your clit. [Fun Factory, $65]



Michele Serchuk
associate photographer
Dress Instep Patrol Boot

Michele's boi better have knee pads, because the hand-crafted Patrol Boots by Dehner are going to need a lot of boot blacking. [Dehner Boots, $600]

Diana Cage
managing editor
Strap-on Cock



Diana wants a big, hard cock from Lion and Bear Glass. These gorgeous, ultra high-quality sex toys are hand-made by a small glass-art business. [Lion and Bear Glass, $65]

Adriana Gordon
circulation director
The Monolith

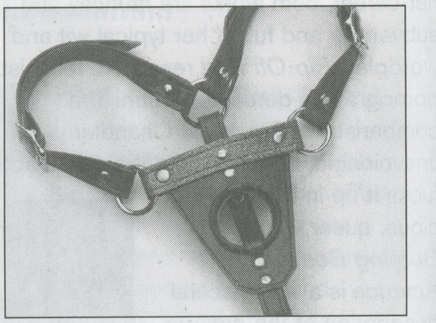
This totally unique dildo by The Toybag is made from exotic hard wood. Adriana appreciates the smooth surface and the clear non-toxic finish. [The Toybag, $55]

Catherine Draper
associate publisher
Utilikilt

Strong enough for a dyke, but made for a man, the camouflage Utilikilt is the best of both worlds. The femme in Catherine wants the micro-mini length. [Utilikilt, $110]

Laura Baca
account manager
Prince Harness

With the glittery, purple Prince Vinyl G-String harness by Aslan Leather, Laura could fuck Wendy, Lisa, and all of Vanity Six in style. [Aslan Leather, $75]



click.it

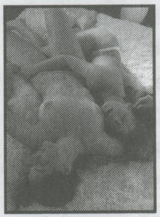
kuma2.net

KUMA is an acronym that stands for kissing passionately, undulating hips, mouthwatering and aching desire–and the site really lives up to its name. Described as a soul cafe catering to women who love other black women, the site contains erotic writing, art, audio, personal ads, and a variety of innovative features such as an interactive story section and an online library. KUMA also offers resources for dealing with wide-ranging issues from combining sexuality and spirituality to domestic violence, all with a special slant toward meeting the needs of black lesbians. KUMA addresses issues of race and sexuality in a way seldom seen on the Web. **myriam gurba**

sickchixxx.com

The reigning queen who presides over this dark paradise is Mistress Persephone, a Latin fetish goddess whose looks are a combination of Rita Hayworth, Betty Page, and Tura Satana. Sickchixxx is Persephone's private collection of photos, videos, art, and film all amassed during her years as a pro-dom, actress, performance artist, and fetish model. Among her galleries you'll find corseted cuties in steamy embraces, statuesque beauties having their feet worshipped, and naughty nurses at play with a Wartenburg Wheel. Sickchixxx is a kinky Pandora's box you'll be glad you opened. **mg**

Sapphosgirls.com



Sappho's girls

Sapphosgirls is a unique new site that features beautiful girls with an intellectual edge. The images are tasteful, soft, and artistically rendered. The models are natural beauties shot on lush, romantic sets. Adding to the intellectual edge are erotic videos featuring poetic fantasies, a sultry brunette reading naked in bed, and a sexy scene triggered by a visit to the library. Each photo set is also accompanied by a very brief text that helps to set an intelligent, erotic atmosphere. Sapphosgirls reflects the high quality and unique style that fans of the CyberDyke Network have come to expect. **mg**

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A Dyke's Guide to Het Porn

by Greta Christina

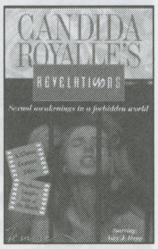
I love dyke smut. I wouldn't be here if I didn't. Apart from the obvious reasons–I'm a dyke, I love smut–there's a lot to like about the growing cottage industry of by-and-for-lesbian sex videos. The authenticity, the labor-of-love quality, the attention to female pleasure, the freedom from mainstream porn formulas all make dyke porn a pleasure to watch. Even apart from the "women having hot sex with each other" angle.

But while the field of lesbian porn is certainly expanding, there still isn't much of it. So what do you do when you want that dyke-smut flavor but you've seen all the dyke smut? Well, you can watch straight porn. Sure, some of it is mediocre but there are sweet spots with plenty of the qualities that make dyke porn so special. Some of them are produced and/or directed by women, and some even have hot lesbian sex scenes. Here are a few of my favorites.

Revelations

dir. Candida Royalle
[Femme Productions, 1992]

Yes, Candida Royalle's videos are romantic. Yes, they're sensual. Yes, they're pretty. And you know what? They're also hot as hell. True, they don't fill my head with nasty fantasy images the way raunchier porn does. Instead, they remind me of what it feels like to have sex, actual non-fantasy sex, with the kissing, and the fondling, and the getting lost in flesh and skin. The slow, sensual pace feels like foreplay to me, or like being teased and tantalized.



My favorite femme video is *Revelations*. I like the story, an Orwellian cautionary tale about a young woman in a sexually repressive totalitarian society who discovers a cache of illegal sex films. And there's a lesbian scene that's so tender it made my chest hurt. But if you don't like politics with your porn, Royalle has plenty of lighter fare. I've never seen a video of hers that I haven't liked, and I've seen damn few that I haven't loved.

Bottom line: romance fuels the flames.

Deep Inside Chloe

dir. Veronica Hart
[VCA, 2002]

If what you want from porn is the sight of women who passionately love sex, Chloe's your girl. The woman comes like she's having a seizure. I've never seen anything like it; she shudders, twitches, convulses, all with a look on her face like she's having visions of the Second Coming. And even when she's not in the middle of a beautifully spastic orgasm, her enthusiasm for fucking shines like a searchlight. *Deep inside Chloe* is a fine sample, a collection of sex scenes from different movies that catches her alert, assertive, engaged presence in a yummy nutshell. The scenes are mostly with men, and are mostly pretty wild; but there's a girl-girl scene with Ginger Lynn that has a genuinely affectionate quality that is sweet without being tepid.

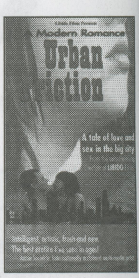
deep inside
CHLOE

Bottom line: Chloe's a fucking phenomenon.

Urban Friction

dirs. Marianna Beck and Jack Hafferkamp
[Libido Films, 2002]

The most common complaints about straight porn are that it's cheesy and fake. And yes, sometimes when I'm watching another going-through-the-motions, fuck-and-suck-and-pick-up-the-paycheck session, I want to pull my own teeth out just to alleviate the boredom. But there are small, quirky, labor-of-love hetero porn companies that have made their name proving that you can have authenticity and artistry in the same bit of smut. Libido Films, and their latest release, *Urban Friction* is one example. The less-kinky sequel to *Thank You, Mistress*, *Urban Friction,* has that all-too-rare combination: style and heat. The performers were obviously having a good time, and the camera and lighting people were obviously having a good time. And miracle of miracles, they weren't having it at each other's expense. Gorgeous.

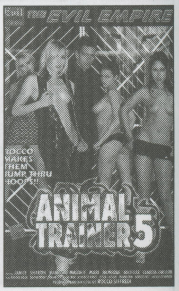


Bottom line: the right chemistry.

Rocco: Animal Trainer 5

dir. Rocco Siffredi
[Evil Angel, 1999]

Rocco: Animal Trainer 5 is from a big mainstream company, with a big-name porn star as its chief selling point. It wasn't directed or produced by women, and I'm damn sure it wasn't made with the "women and couples" market in mind. It's exactly the sort of thing that the "porn is violence against women" crowd complains about. It's nasty and rough, with a heavy dom-sub tone; women get slapped around, and there's a recurring theme of choking blowjobs and gagging actresses. And yet, in an unscientific survey of five or six acquaintances, it was the men who were freaked out by the video, and the women who were leering and drooling and shoving their hands down their pants. I'm not sure what's to be learned here (apart from the fact that the women I know are big perverts). But I, for one, am sick to death of male porn actors who play it so cool you have to thaw them in the microwave. Rocco is the opposite of cool; he fucks like he's deranged, completely engaged with his raunchy perverse thrills. And I can't think of anything sexier. Once again, authenticity is the key, and it's out there in hetero porn if you know where to look.



Bottom line: less politics, more pussy.

Greta Christina is currently editing an etiquette guide for sex work customers.

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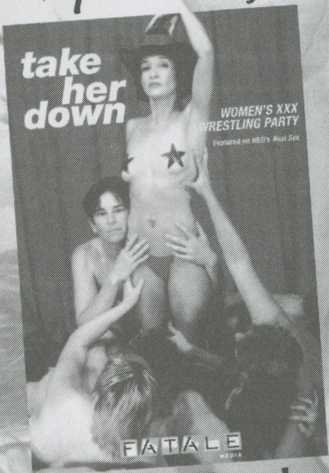
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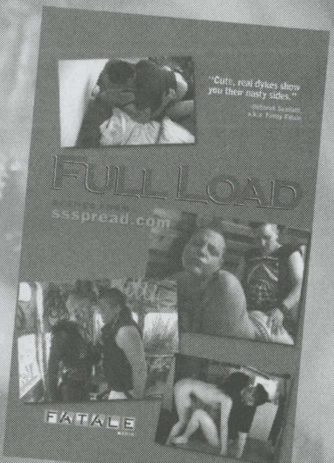
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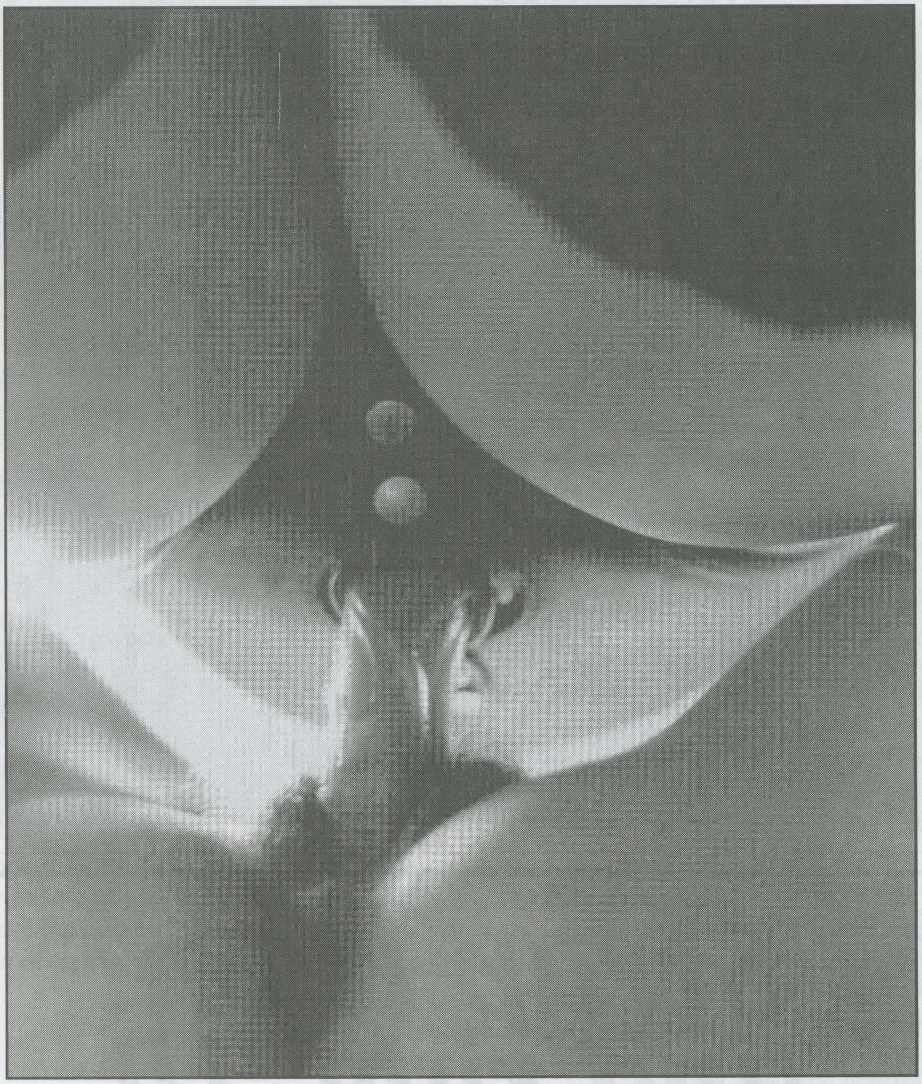

Femmes on Fim

Zoë and Chloe fuck in the editing room

photography by Aaron Kovalchik

Film students Zoë and Chloe were alone in the editing room working on their final project, a stylish and pornographic lesbian romance. Watching the footage brought back memories of the fling they'd had while shooting. And as the camera lingered on Zoë's lush curves Chloe found herself dying to once again fuck her film partner's perfect pussy. The school editing room was in the basement and accessible only by key card. But Chloe knew that laying Zoë out right there on the editing equipment carried the risk of being seen. Fully aware that they could be caught in the act, the two women decided to risk it and had one final romp as the credits rolled. **dc**

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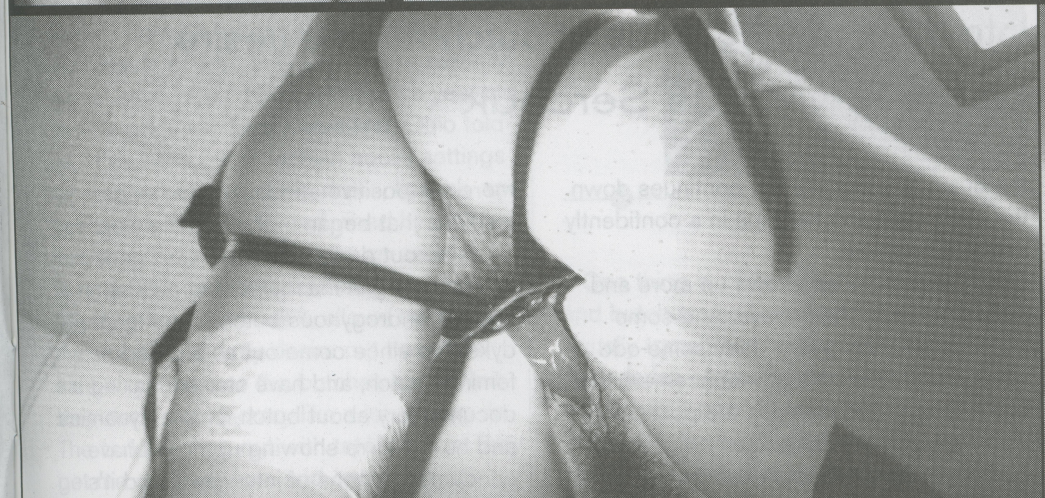
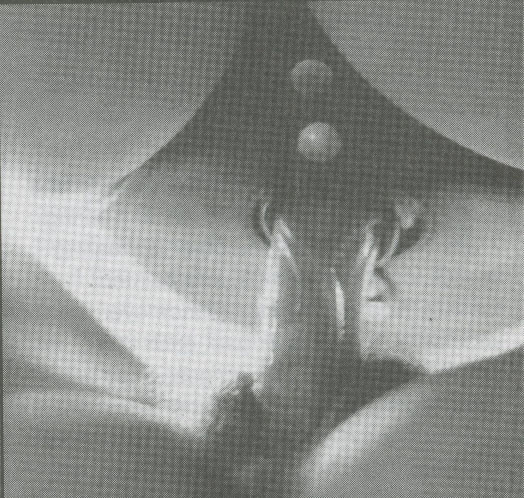




Butch-Femme 2K

Lenn Keller **looks into the enduring flame of butch-femme desire**

photography by Michele Serchuk

Two lesbians have an encounter at a local supermarket. One is wearing men's attire. The other is wearing lipstick, open-toe pumps, and painted toenails. The two women glance over their shoulders as they walk past each other. Without benefit of a direct gaze, they are each acutely aware of the other's presence, and there is an instant magnetic attraction. The butch squats down as if to take something from the shelf, and turns her head just enough that she can watch the femme as she walks away. The femme, who is aware without actually seeing that the butch is watching her, continues down the aisle, swinging her hips in a confidently seductive manner.

This type of scene shows up more and more frequently these days. And some lesbians are asking why thirty-some-odd years after feminism's pronouncement that butch-femme relationships are politically incorrect, and the general embracing of androgyny by the lesbian community, the butch-femme dynamic is so obvious again? The answer, I believe, may have a lot to do with the underlying eroticism that has always existed in butch-femme, and a much more sex-positive atmosphere among lesbians that began in the mid eighties.

I came out during the seventies, and promptly began masquerading as just another androgynous butch-of-center dyke. I've since come out as a proud feminist butch, and have started making a documentary about butch-femme dynamics and how they're showing up now. I have conducted dozens of interviews, and it's been an eye- opening experience and a personally intense journey.

Many of the non-butch-femme–identified lesbians that I've talked to still hold the belief that the butch-femme dynamic is exclusively about playing out roles that mimic heterosexuals. They strongly resisted the terms butch and femme as “labeling.” But, the butches and femmes I've interviewed don't see it that way at all. They have redefined feminine and masculine and are transforming the stereotypes. For them, identifying as a femme or a butch is just a jumping off point–a way to be clearer about how it is they relate, to whom, and what it is they desire sexually. It's more about an erotic dynamic than roles.

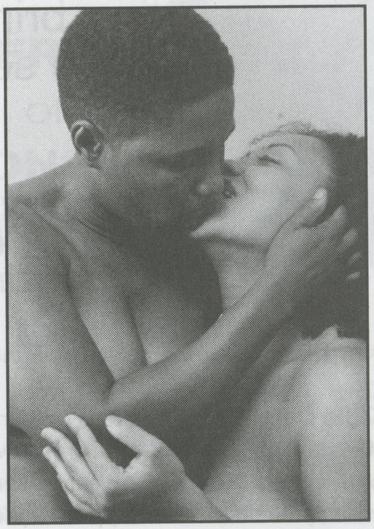
“I'm more of a ‘house butch,’ because I like to do things like decorate and cook,” says Ricky, a forty-something butch. “I know I'm butch, and believe me, my girl knows it, but you'll never find me under the hood of a car. It bothers me that people still think you can't be butch if you like to cook.” Cheryl, a San Francisco femme adds, “I used to live in the mountains, and sometimes I would get a kick out of chopping firewood in my heels. Once some friends came up to visit me, and saw me doing it, and they couldn't believe it. That really cracked me up.”

Other limiting stereotypes have also fallen away. It's not uncommon to find a butch bottom or a femme top. For many into the butch-femme dynamic, what's important is finding their sexual complement, not an adherence to stereotypes.

These days, when lesbians present themselves in a masculine or feminine way, they're doing it because it's an authentic expression of who they are, and to sexually signal each other. Nikki, a thirty-five-year-old femme originally from Cleveland, Ohio told us, “I've been out in lesbian social settings where I've had on a tight dress, lipstick, and heels, and I've gotten bad vibed by other lesbians. For me dressing as an overt femme feels very sexy and empowering. ‘Slutting it up,’ as I call it, allows me to put my sexuality and my desire out there in a safe way, because the butches love it, but they don't get all crazy like a lot of men do. The butches I go out with totally get it. They get me and they love and appreciate it.”

A number of my interviewees have talked about the fundamental differences in how a typical heterosexual and a butch-femme couple approach sex. In a heterosexual couple, pleasure is often more focused on the male. But in a butch-femme dynamic, the focus is on the femme's pleasure. Butch tops seem to live to please their femmes. Glenn, one of the older butches we talked to, told us, “I consider myself a stud, in the sense that making sure my femme is totally fulfilled is a big part of what gets me off–knowing she's getting everything she could want or need sexually.”

“it's hot, it's explosive chemistry, it's not being able to keep our hands off each other.”



One thing is certain though, with femmes and butches you have two women who are equally transgressing the defined boundaries of woman as a gender, in extreme but opposite ways: Femmes, by redefining femininity, and claiming it out of choice in a way that is empowering, and butches, by claiming and owning their natural masculinity and forcing a redefinition of what masculinity is. When they're in public, a butch-femme relationship signals very loudly that there is desire and sexuality attached to their coupling–they are very visibly queer.

The butch-femme dynamic is essentially an erotic one. It's an expression of the yin/yang concept in sexuality–a dynamic of the complementary feminine and masculine energies focused on the pleasure of those contrasts. To me, it's similar to Jung's theory of the anima and animus. I think each person has both female and male energies within them, and that for some people, regardless of their sexual orientation, they prefer to lead with one energy or the other. In my perception, butches are females who lead with their masculine energy and femmes with their feminine energy, while still being able to access the opposite energy as well. So, for some lesbians, in terms of personal expression, presentation style, and a preferred way of relating erotically, a femme or a butch identity is how they are naturally oriented.

With very few exceptions, the femmes and butches that I've interviewed completely light up when asked the question, “What about the butch-femme dynamic attracts you?” Their eyes start to sparkle, and with a sly grin, they pause, and each inevitably says something like, “It's just, I don't know exactly how to explain it, but it's just so fucking hot.”

But why, I hear you asking. Why is this desire so persistent? Well, to quote Mick, a forty-year-old butch from Oakland, California, “It's hot, it's explosive chemistry. It's knowing we each have something that the other desires. It's the way that we're each erotically powerful in a different but complementary way. It's anticipating how good it's gonna feel when I fist her, or thrust my cock into her hungry, sopping-wet cunt that's on fire for me. It's feeling the power of her yielding to me, and receiving me completely. It's me loving the pleasure of filling her up, and her not being able to get enough of me. She loves to be femme for me, and to give me all she's got. She loves for me to be butch for her–to take her fiercely, strongly, and sweetly. It's powerful. It's the fulfillment of my hottest deepest desires.”

Get the picture now? **oob**

ONLINE PORNOGRAPHERS

ALEXI + ZILLE DEFEU

The creators of the CyberDyke Network are bringing authentic dyke sex to the Web

interview by
Diana Cage

photography by
Kiten

Zille and Alexi Defeu are the dyke duo behind the CyberDyke Network, the first and only network of adult Web sites featuring authentic, hard-core dyke sex made for lesbians. Their original project, Darkplay.net, featured the couple and their friends enjoying the Goth-tinged BDSM sex play that they were doing in real life–and voyeuristic dykes everywhere signed on to watch them. Over the past year, their vision has grown to include an entire network of sites, each one devoted to a different type of sex play and fetish all designed by and for dykes. **On Our Backs** caught up with them to talk about the viability of dyke porn on the Web, how they navigate marriage and polyamory, and why more lesbians should be willing to pay to get off.

On Our Backs: So, tell us how the two of you first met.

Zille Defeu: Well, I was go-go dancing at a Goth/fetish club, and Alexi first saw me shaking my booty while wearing some skimpy combination of ripped fishnet and PVC. We went to the same college and kept running into each other–mostly because Alexi was following me around! So eventually I invited her to coffee, and then to a party which happened to turn into an orgy.

Alexi Defeu: What can I say? I didn't stand a chance!

OOB: And you've been together and happily polyamorous for five years now. Can you give us an idea of how you make it work?

ZD: When we first started dating, I told Alexi that I could only be polyamorous. She had never done poly before, but she was willing to give it a try. And I admit that I'd never done poly very well before Alexi. I was too selfish and not willing to be more thoughtful. Polyamory means you really have to be very considerate of everyone involved and sacrifice some of the freedom you have as a single person, but in return you gain a different kind of freedom. Our willingness to forgive old mistakes and experiment with our relationship is what has made it work for us.

AD: We communicate with each other about every feeling that we have, even jealousy. Besides, we often have similar tastes in lovers, so we get to share.

ZD: I suppose marriage and polyamory might not seem like they mix well, but for us they're the perfect combination of trust and freedom.

OOB: So how did you start doing porn?

ZD: I was just getting into adult modeling around the time we first got together and I told Alexi what I was doing and let her decide if she could handle it and stay with me. She didn't have an issue with it, especially because I had clear boundaries from the beginning and wouldn't have unsafe sex with people I wasn't fluid-bonded with. When the pornographer was open to a butch model, Alexi joined me in the scene. She was escorting me to all my jobs and kind of morphed into a porn model along the way.

AD: Well, I'm a Pisces, and pretty easygoing by nature. In the beginning, I just came along for the ride, and offered up my services if they were willing to pay. Which, being a butch dyke, wasn't all that often.

ZD: And then in the meantime, I'd been doing photography, and had started learning graphics and Web design. As we saw the pictures and Web sites that were created by the people we were modeling for, we kept saying, "We can do better than that!" Eventually, everything fell into place and we just went out on a limb and tried it.

AD: I was completely sick of doing porn for other people and having the worst pictures make it onto the Web. Plus, so many pornographers made it clear they didn't want a "butchy-looking girl" on their site.

OOB: And how did your idea evolve into a network of sites?

ZD: Our first site was DarkPlay, and we were doing lots of different types of sex for the site, but so many people just want to see variations of the same thing, like anal play. So having individual sites dedicated to certain themes seemed like an obvious next step. And once we had the idea in place, Webmistresses began to seek us out. To join the network, sites have to be unique and have original, exclusive content. They have to be attractive and easy to navigate. And they have to update on a regular schedule, at least once a month.

OOB: How many customers do you have? Are they all lesbians?

ZD: We have several hundred subscribers at any one time. We're about 35 percent women and 65 percent men overall, but it varies heavily by site. Our fetish sites have more male subscribers–which bothers me, because I know women have fetishes, too! SapphosGirls, StoryMistress, and DarkPlay have fifty percent or more women subscribers. I really want more women to sign up. It makes me feel really good when women are not afraid to spend a little money on themselves and their sexuality–I think more women really need to start doing that.

OOB: As pornmakers, do you have any thoughts on how lesbian porn is faring economically?

ZD: Well, we are in the midst of the adult dot-com bust right now. Sites are falling off the Net everywhere. Good sites with solid business plans and policies are the ones that are going to survive. I am really glad we are doing the network, because smaller sites can join us and together we can keep our independence and originality but also be a major force against the big guys.

OOB: Do you think real dyke porn will ever be a major player in the industry?

ZD: A year ago I would've enthusiastically said "Yes!" But now I'm not so sure. Dykes don't have the economic base to be major players and haven't shown a predilection to form the mainstream networks necessary to survive. Yes, the market is growing, but I don't know how much it will ultimately grow.

> there is an **EMERGING** market of young **DYKE CONSUMERS** out there, but **WILL** they be able to **PUSH** the **INDUSTRY** into the **BLACK**?

AD: The porn biz has such a deservedly crappy reputation that many people won't sign up for an adult site even if they want to. It's our mission to change that, but it's anybody's guess if we can or will. There is an emerging market of young dyke consumers out there, but the question is, will they be able to push the industry into the black? Men are much more willing to get out their credit card to get off. Women are more likely to stay in a long-term membership, but there still isn't enough of them to make up the difference.

ZD: More women should embrace their desires, and not be embarrassed or ashamed to say, "I like erotica/porn Web sites. They are fun!"

OOB: So, how does it feel to be directing each other having sex?

AD: It's not always easy to have sex in front of a camera. Often, I get goofy and start making faces just to break up the seriousness of what I'm doing. But if it's a good scene, and I'm really into it, I hardly notice the camera is on me.

ZD: I don't really think about it anymore. It seems normal to hear Alexi say, "Pull your head out of her pussy a bit so I can see something!" Or for me to direct her masturbating or fucking a gal in the ass with her strap-on. It's the commitment to good communication that makes it all possible and, honestly, it's so much fun!

OOB: Dyke porn seems to be having a heyday right now. Any thoughts on why so many dykes suddenly want to make porn?

AD: Hopefully it's because more lesbians are looking at porn!

OOB: What's your feeling on the lesbian porn that's out there? What are pornographers doing right and wrong?

ZD: Well, what they are doing right is just getting out there at all. We have no idea yet what will really sell to women, so we are all making it up as we go. As for what's not working, there's just never enough beauty in porn. Making good images is easy with digital cameras, and good site design requires only a little bit of effort. Pornographers should always strive for the most gorgeous images they can make. And Web design needs to always be clean and easy to navigate.

OOB: Can you give us a hint about things to come?

ZD: More community. Chatrooms, more interactivity, more member participation. And we are working on a store so gals can get cool products like calendars and T-shirts.

AD: I have some intense bondage and BDSM shoots in mind and have found the perfect photographer, now we just have to get our butts into the studio!

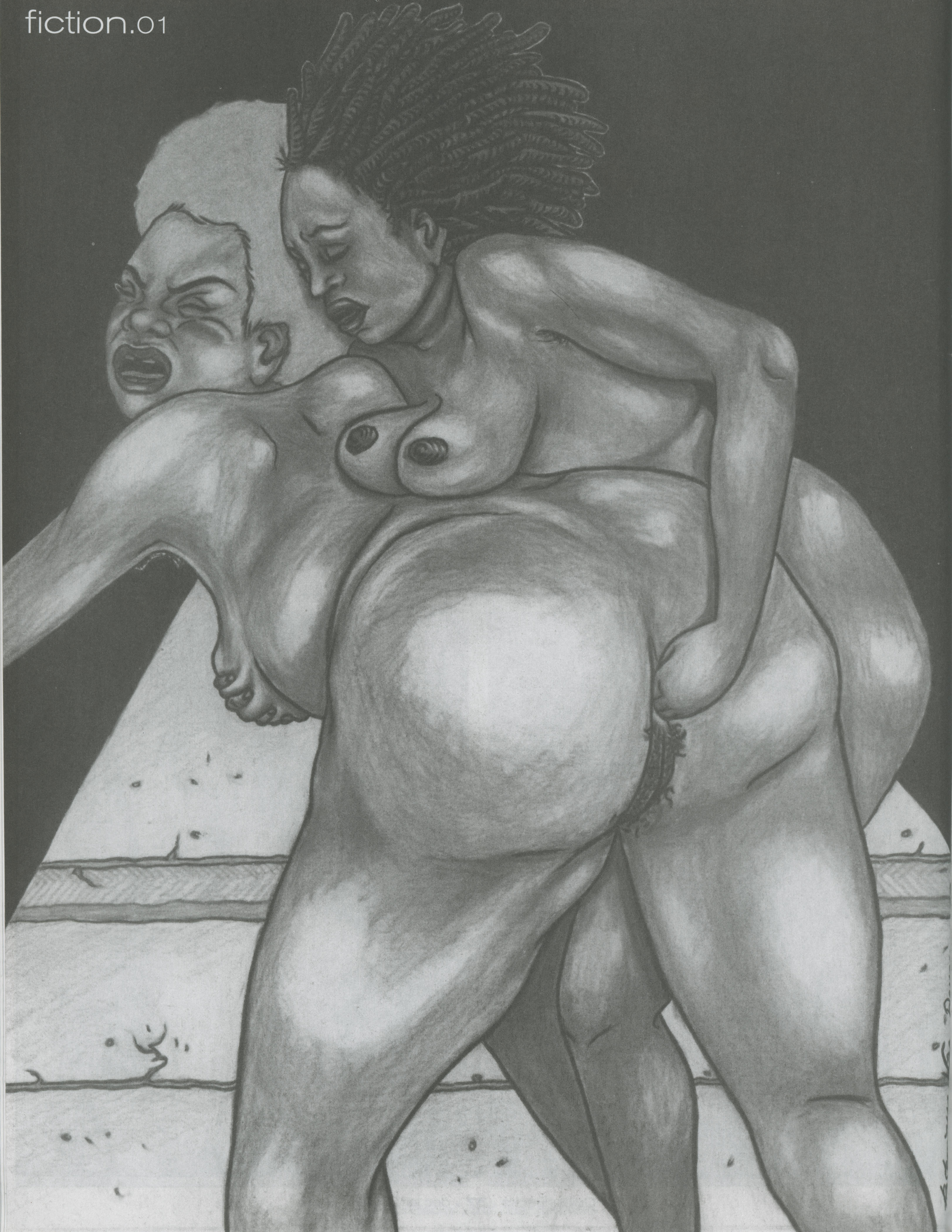
ZD: We just had a gal complain that we do not have enough vanilla flavor in our network, so we will be working on more vanilla sites. Also, we would like to do a site with older lesbians. We just have to find women who are not afraid to get in front of the camera. We'd love to hear requests from people–we want to know what you want! **oob**

Good Girls Go to Heaven

Tamara + Clyde play out a hot Daddy/girl fantasy

Daddy Clyde told Tamara that if she was a good girl, she'd get what she deserved. Desperately hoping for a spanking and a hard fucking, the horny little girl dressed up in her best plaid skirt and demurely pretended to do her homework. The sight of her white cotton panties was such a thrill, it wasn't long before Clyde had her naked and begging for it. "Please fuck me hard, Daddy," said the girl as Clyde slipped the silicone cock into her wet pussy. And, because Tamara was so well-behaved, Clyde was happy to oblige. **dc**

photography by
Michele Serchuk



The Sending

by T.J. Bryan • illustration by Rosemary Van Deuren

This Red Gyal appears straight outta the humid city night right in front'a me. No joke, not even a few seconds ago there was no one even close to where she's standing now.

And I can't say for sure what I'm feeling more—her electric blue 'fro or the black lace fan she's waving lazily back and forth in an attempt to cool herself.

Brown eyes flecked with yellow fix on me and I stop dead in my tracks. Her words: "You called?" The smile reveals bright white teeth. Arms open and I step to her like this sort'a thang happens everyday. Under a street light surrounded by uninterested others I nuzzle her throat. I'm more than a little relieved. Not at all surprised.

See, not even a few days back I filled a glass with cool water, lit a pink candle, laid down a feather, scattered my cowries, and put in a call to any Power that cared. Dared ask to hold a body like mine again. To inhale the crazy-makin' scent of a sista or any She. To hear the way a woman sounds when she really hungers for me.

Been too long and I wanted to be back. For months now I'd been walkin' on the boy-lovin' side'a thangs. For a bit, I was all caught up in it. This intimacy-fearin', game-playin', male-female-battling, sista-to-sista competing frame'a mind left me pissed and hurt in places both alien and familiar. Changed in ways I wanna deny but need to remember.

Now, in the shadows of a nearby alley I come home.

We don't even bizness with the stinkin' garbage bags or the big-ass raccoon in the dumpster. 'Cuz this ain't gonna be a cushy bedroom, soft lights, and D'angelo singin' falsetto in-tha-background affair. This is about here and now.

We are frenetic, kinetic. Limbs tangled and connected. Tongues dueling and delving. I grab her hair, sending her down to where my naked snatch hides under a piece of kente too brief to be called a skirt. I spread legs covered in black schoolgirl thigh-highs and begin to ride. But even as I feel my nature rise, I get wise to the fact that this ain't gonna come easy.

Somethin's messin' wit' me. Almost like we got company lurking in the shadows. Suckin' their teeth and talkin' shit...*only ho's and gutter gyals spread for people they just met...but wait, what sort of lifestyle is this here? Gyal pickney, ain't you got no brought-upsy? No fear?*

I bend my knees slightly and grind my cunt into her upturned face. All else fades as she reaches up and takes my womb in her hand. If my brothas and sistas, those dark children who look like me but don't know how to juk like me, could see us now, I'd grin and say: *This is who I am. This is why I need to do more than quietly smile and pass and lime then slowly die among you.*

I put this thought to one side, knowin' they'll nevah truly get it. And can I really blame 'em? Red Gyal's teeth on my pussy, expert tongue sliding as she smears my juice 'cross her face is damn near indescribable in our master tongue. But that don't stop me from hissin' encouragements and endearments using every single cuss word I know.

Eyes shut tight, I fumble toward the rainbow side of darkness. An expectant knot tightening in my belly. Lust coiled waiting. Pooni throbbing. Nerves send warning. Her fingers thrusting, teasing. Then I'm exploding, insane.

As I come down, fighting for breath and control, Red Gyal raises herself up and moves into my arms. I expect soft lips and instead receive teeth tearing into my mouth. A gift. I taste my own funk mingled with copper-tinged blood but don't pull away.

I get up behind her, shove her against the graffiti-covered brick and run my hands over her clothes. With some help I drag blue jeans and black cotton panties past her knees and bury my face in the cleft between cheeks. Her musk is well-spiced and I feast greedily, bitin' and suckin' as she moans arching her back.

She turns to face me and demands that I fuck her ass. I slick a hand with spit and work her with as many fingers as she can take. The word *yes* repeated to infinity is a prayer. Her tears and cries are a queer patois I interpret with ease. Her legs clamped tight 'round me are all the permission I need.

And all the while, there's this look on her face that's messing wit' my mind. Making me bump and grind as if my life depends on it. Making me wish I knew her better. Don't even know her name. Damn! But right now I love her. Love her for coming when I called. Love her for being a vision manifested in tha flesh.

Growls in a bass tone I don't even recognize are punching their way outta me. I'm riding Red Gyal's thigh, legs spread wide, my head thrown back. What little bit'a clothes we've still got on are fast coming off. Breaths synchronize and I realize that this vibe has done more than rock us here tonight.

The shades of blood ancestors–tough muthas who survived Middle Passage horrors, broken ones who passed over before the ships ever landed, young girls and crones with folds shut tight who fought and died with *no* on their lips, sistren who gave it up and lived to kill another day–have been drawn into the love we've made.

when our foremothers finally claim the right to cum, all present are washed clean, baptized in the salty sea water.

These souls been on ice but ain't quite passed ovah. Their fate was desire controlled by others. Juicy-sweet heat deferred for survival's sake. Their insistent murmurings, black doves circling, crying: "Sankofa!" Silken whisperings 'bout a plan: "Go back to cum forward. The time is right."

To us they offer true emancipation. They open our mouths and our minds to one strange and forbidden fruit we can safely cherish, savoring it to tha max.

"Sankofa!"

Their spirits mount us and ride our riddim.

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Personal

by Skian McGuire • illustration by James Courtney

Everyday last week there's a bike following my truck. I'm finished with my route, and headed back to the plant, when a black Triumph with one of those rainbow-flag plate holders goes by on 91. Just about drives me nuts. Passes me doing something like 80, then pulls in front and noodles along until I got to pass or drop back, and I'm cursing at whoever it is, rainbow or no rainbow. Next thing I know, there's the damn bike again, cruising alongside me, checking me out, black helmet with a tinted visor so I can't see her face. Got to be a dyke. A goddamn crazy dyke, she's turning and looking up at the van window and I don't know how she's keeping the rubber to the road. She's sure as hell not watching where she's going. Jesus! Finally, I give her a palm's up and a "What? What, already?" I imagine her grinning maniacally behind the Darth Vader gear. A little wave and she's gone. My heart rate goes back to normal.

Next day, there she is again. For the first time I notice the braid hanging down the back of the black leather jacket, which fits her like a glove. Broad shoulders and narrow hips. Black leather pants. Damned if she doesn't cruise up next to me and throw that tinted visor up. I don't know why the wind doesn't rip her head off, but she's looking up at me in the van, serious brown eyes burning into mine at 70 mph. My palms are sweating. Then she zooms off, and I'm blinking, trying to clear my head. The noonday sun flashing off all that chrome has got me dazzled, that's all.

I'm about to cross into Vermont when I spot her at the last rest stop, leaning against the Triumph, arms crossed. Her helmet's off. She's watching my truck go by.

The third day, I'm half expecting her, and there she is, cruising me, visor up, and poof, gone again. I don't know if she's at the rest stop, but I put the signal on. I pull up the truck a few yards past her. My hands are shaking when I slide the door open, then I sit behind the wheel in a sweat. Should I get out? What do I say to her? "I like your bike"? Christ, I'm too old for this.

She climbs up to the second step and stops, not saying a word. Looking at me. Square face, dark brows, dark hair pulled back, brown eyes locked into mine, not smiling. Her jacket's open, I'm looking at her tits through the white T-shirt she's got on, no bra. Her eyebrows go up. I guess I stop breathing. Everything's gray around the edges.

"Not much room back here," she says from the back of the van.

Her voice is low and easy and almost sweet, but it hits me like a cattle prod and I'm out of my seat, squeezing past her, flinging empty trays into a stack in the back against the door. By the time I finish, I'm calm, staring out through the rear glass at the nearly empty lot, the bright warm fall day, leaves starting to turn. I think I can feel her breath on the little hairs at the back of my neck. I guess I'll turn around, sometime soon. Maybe kiss her. Is that how we start? It's weird, how happy I am. I don't even know her name.

> "while you're down there," she says, "you can lick my boots."

"I never fucked anybody in a bread truck before," she says.

"Well," I answer, all mellow, "first time for everything."

She's got my hair in her fist, yanking my head back, and the other arm around me, groping for my breast.

"You're awfully mouthy," she breathes into my ear. I don't know if she's gonna tear my scalp off or break my neck, and I can't talk except for a pathetic little squeak. I'm not calm anymore. I guess she's satisfied. She lets go of my hair.

"Shit," she says, both hands trying to get at my nipples. Impatient, she pulls the uniform shirt out of my pants and pushes her hands up under it, not bothering with the buttons. She rucks up the sports bra under my armpits and latches onto both nipples hard enough to make me hiss. She's looking down over my shoulder, at the bunched-up shirt, a faint smile on her face. When she lets go, the pain is even worse.

Her hands find the button of my Dickies; she's pushing the zipper down. My underpants are sticking to me with sweat; cotton rips as she forces them down, too. Cool air on my naked ass. I'm waiting to feel her hand between my legs, as far apart as the pants at my ankles will let them go.

"Get down there," she says, and pushes me onto the stack of trays, which rattle and slide, and I'm trying to get them steady, trying to get comfortable, still waiting for that hand, when I hear it, the slithery sound of a belt whisking out of belt loops.

Not enough room in the van for a real good swing. Out of the corner of my eye, I see she's got most of the belt wrapped around her fist. The first stroke is just hard enough to make me arch my back for more.

"You can say *uncle* anytime you want." I'm hanging onto plastic, my fingers getting numb, flinching every time the belt lands, biting my lip. Can't remember if she closed the van door.

I shake my head. With a little grunt, she starts again.

And stops. I hold my breath as voices outside get louder, then fade away. When the strap lands again, it's white-hot pain.

"Uncle!"

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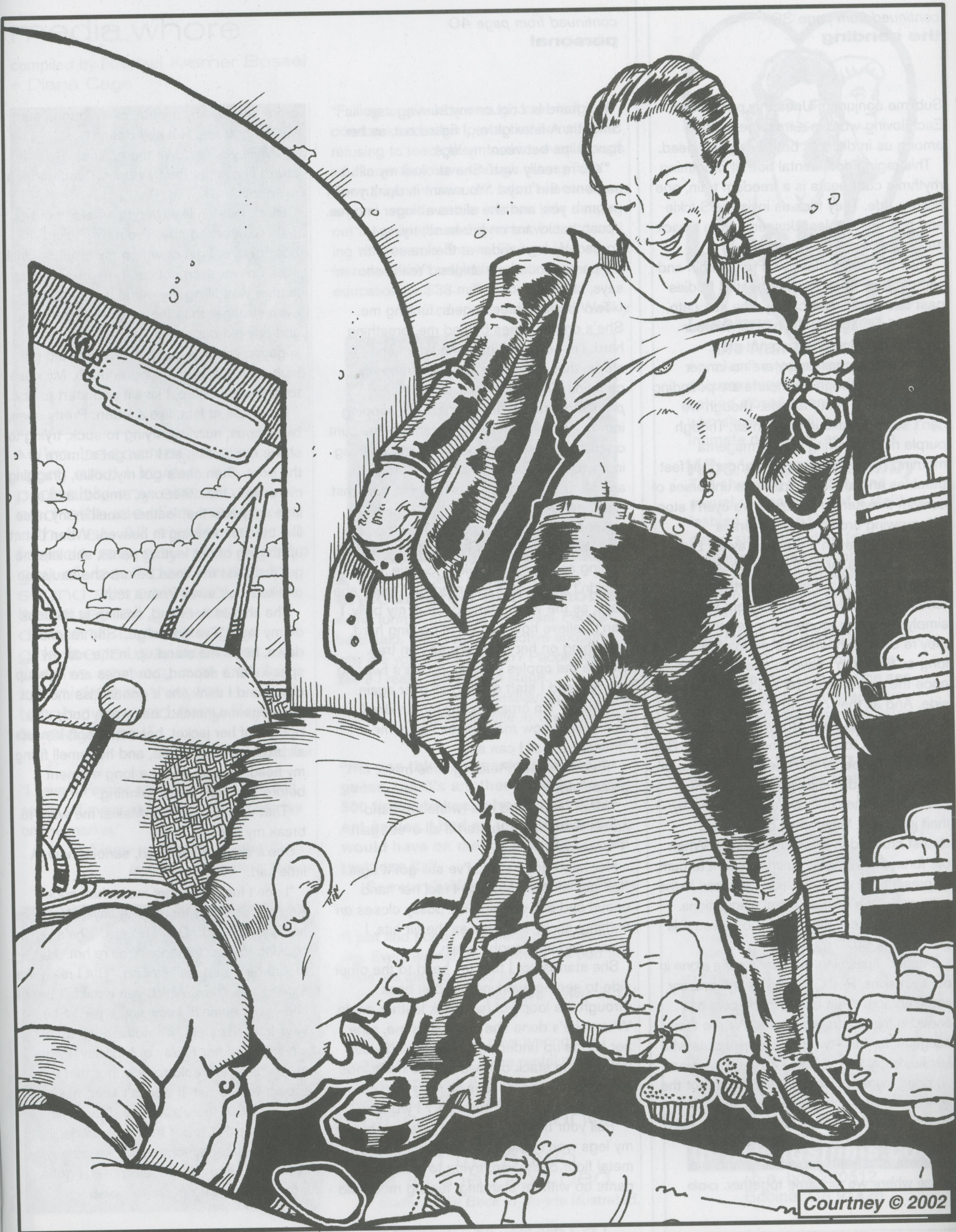
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the sending

Sublime conjuring. Unearthly possession. Each loving word is a treasure shared among us in dialects both living and dead.

This raging continental tide of drumming rhythmic cunt beats is a freedom train, one helluva ride. They fuck us invisibly. Suckle and bite our nipples. Unseen hands smack and tug and pinch and stroke.

Their hunger is massive. From within and without they push our overheated bodies past tolerance, past caring. The staccato slap of flesh against flesh quickens our pace. We struggle but do not stop.

Even though passersby are no longer passing by. Though our hearts are pounding uncontrollably in our chests. Though we can't seem to take in enough air. Though purple night is giving way to magenta morning. Though the ground under our feet trembles and shakes and whole universes of custom threaten to collapse, we cyan't stop.

A growing crowd of onlookers is gathering not even a few feet away. But that's about as far as they can get.

Some shout out their rage. Others tantrum and self-destruct. Others still simply explain in moderate tones that they're okay with what we people do as long as they don't have to see it. But for once the powers-that-be are fully on our side. And all they can do is watch.

Red Gyal and I are grooving, simultaneously moving toward one hell of a peak. But we are eclipsed by the cries and shrieks of a million dark divinities about to get off.

And when they cum we are deafened by their jubilation. When they cum we are almost crushed in their contractions. When our foremothers finally claim the right to cum, all present are washed clean, baptized in the salty sea water of their astral ejaculations.

Then, released, their essence leaves this place for good.

Emptied, spasming, and once more alone in our own skins, Red Gyal and I laugh and cry and embrace. What began in the past has ended in this our freedom time. We are their daughtas for true–two revolutionary sluts who lust fearlessly and speak in ecstatic tongues.

I open my mouth to ask her name, but the light touch of her fingers on my lips interrupts me. Instead I kiss her sticky palm and promise to remember all. Vow to remember their story, our story, and the place where we all came together. **oob**

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personal

Her hand is cool on my burning ass. Smooth. A latex glove, I figure out, as her hand slips between my legs.

"You're really wet." She strokes my clit. I sag onto the trays. "You want it, don't you." I groan a yes, and she slides a finger into me. I push backward on her hand, trying to spread my legs wider at the knees with my pants around my ankles. "Yeah," she says, laughing.

Two fingers, three fingers, fucking me. She's on her knees behind me, breathing hard. I'm nearly whimpering when she stops, then cool slick lube is parting my cunt lips. Damn, I'm thinking, she's *prepared*, and her four fingers are slipping into me, pointed, twisting. I can feel my cunt opening up, the base of her thumb pushing in. I want it so bad. I force myself to relax, and all at once my cunt is hugging her wrist. And I groan again.

"Yeah, baby," she says, panting, "ride my fist like a big ol' fucking Harley." Her hand is turning and pumping. Slow. Gentle. I couldn't get away if I wanted to. "Yeah," she says, as the wave starts deep in my belly. I can't believe how quick. I'm coming hard, clenching on her hand like an iron trap. Before the ripples even stop, she's twisting her fist, and I start coming all over again.

"Please," I'm croaking, my mouth dry. I don't know how many times I've come. "Please." It's all I can say.

"Please, what? Please gimme more, or please stop?"

"Stop!" I say, and she twists her hand again, threatening to start it all over again. "Please stop!"

Her hand goes slack. I've still got it tight. "Let go," she orders. I try. I feel her hand uncurl and slip out, and my pussy closes on nothing, sticky and cool as the air hits. I groan, and she laughs again.

She stands up. I turn my head to the other side to see her working her belt back through the loops of her black leather pants. When she's done she leans over me, runs her hands up under my shirt. I push myself up from the stack of trays to give her hands room, but all she does is shimmy my bra back into place. Her turn now? I wonder.

"Pull your trousers up," she tells me, but my legs won't hold me. I'm kneeling on the metal floor of the van, trying to work my pants up without standing, feeling more and more stupid. Any minute, she's gonna start laughing at me. But she doesn't.

"While you're down there," she says after I finally get the fly zipped, "you can lick my boots."

Black leather, like everything else but her T-shirt, untucked now. I've never licked a boot before. I get down on my elbows. Until now, I never even noticed how the smell of leather was filling the metal box of the van, even stronger than the smell of stale bread and day-old cupcakes, spicier than the lingering smell of pussy. I think I could get high on it, if I smell it long enough. My nose touches her instep. I kiss it and start to lick.

Little laps at first, like a kitten. Pretty soon, big swipes, nuzzling, trying to suck, trying to shove her cuff up so I can get at more of the boot. Then she's got my collar, dragging me over to the other one, smooth and a little salty and that leather smell in my nose like the first morning in heaven. When I start up the leg of her leather pants, she lets me get just past the knee before she hauls me off like a calf away from a teat.

She shakes her head, smiling at the look on my face. "I've got to go." She reaches down, helps me stand up in the narrow space. For a second, our faces are right up close, and I think she's gonna kiss me, but she hugs me instead, her warm body, the zippers of her jacket, her small, soft breasts all pressing against me, and her smell filling my head. It goes on for a long moment before she pulls back, grinning.

"That was a lot of fun. Makes me want to break my rule."

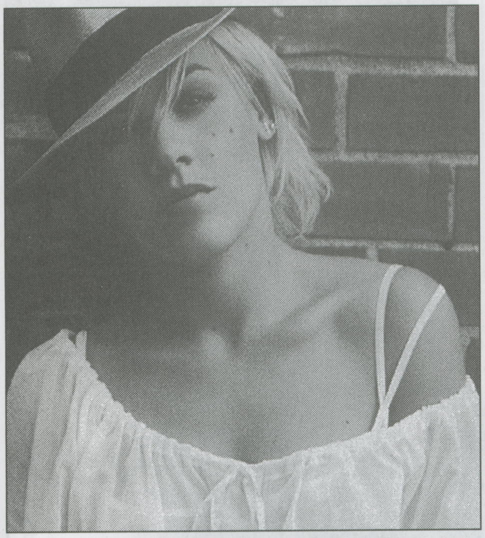
She's shaking her head, serious now. A little sad.

"I don't fuck strangers more than once." And as I open my mouth she says, "No!" She holds up a hand. "Don't tell me." She's backing toward the door. "You're hot." Her mouth quirks up, half smiling. "But I really like fucking strangers. Which you wouldn't be, if I knew your name. If I saw you again." She says from the step, "It's nothing personal."

No sign of her Friday or Monday. Pretty soon it'll be too cold to ride; not that I expect to see her. It doesn't keep me from looking. Now there's a black Triumph in front of the 7-11, but before I can decide what to do, a paunchy middle-aged guy comes out and throws a leg over. I gotta laugh. It's nothing personal. **oob**

media.whore

compiled by Rachel Kramer Bussel + Diana Cage



▲"I'm becoming a gay icon, and I love it. It's probably my short hair and attitude. I'm happy with that. All my female friends are gay, and I go to gay clubs. I don't want to sound stereotypical, because all girls are different, but I like gay girls because, like me, they're strong, not easily intimidated, they're tomboys, and they like to play pool."

Pink in Blender

"I have a Fender amp next to my bed that sends off more vibrations than any sex toy on the market."

Singer-songwriter Wicked Queen in Gene Simmons's Tongue

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"Failing to give kids enough knowledge of condoms and other protective items is like refusing to teach them to drive even though you know they have enough money for a down payment on a car. I don't know why anyone would want to let their kids dangle out there unsafe and ignorant, but according to Women's Enews, George W. has increased the budget for abstinence-only education by $33 million for 2003."

Liz Langley in Orlando Weekly

▲"We've [Racette and partner] **encountered homophobia** in the form of absolute dismissal. People have said, Well you're attractive enough, why are you with a woman? People look to see if I really 'mean it' on stage."

Lesbian opera singer Patricia Racette in The Advocate.

"It's one thing to spank someone, I guess, but it's another thing to do it 500 times, to keep shooting at different angles. I had no idea what effect it would have on me... I thought I would just lose it. "

Secretary*'s Maggie Gyllenhaal in* Paper

"I just find boobs in general so uninteresting. Every woman has them so it's odd that mine are always talked about."

Jennifer Love Hewitt in YM

◄"There are a lot of gays among the women surfers. We share rental cars, hotel rooms, dinner out. It makes us open with each other. You wake up in the morning and hear toe rings clicking from two girls in the next bed.

Surfer Holly Beck in Sports Illustrated.

Lesbian Videos

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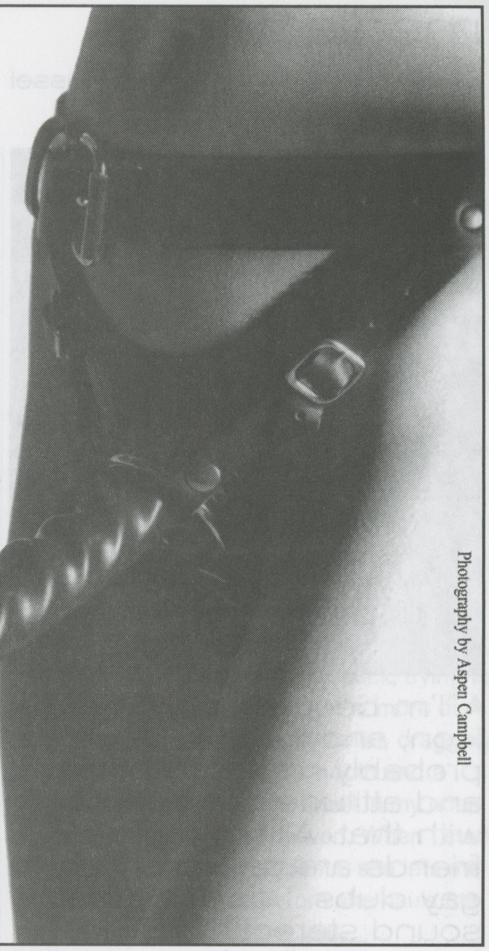

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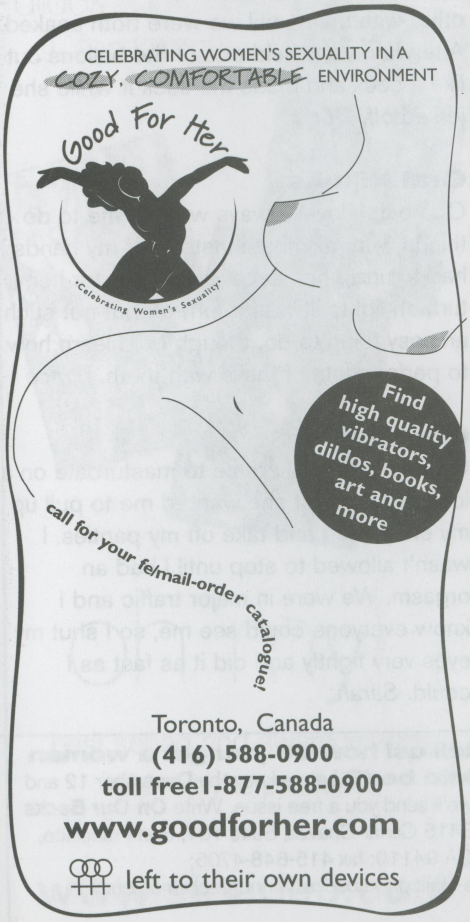

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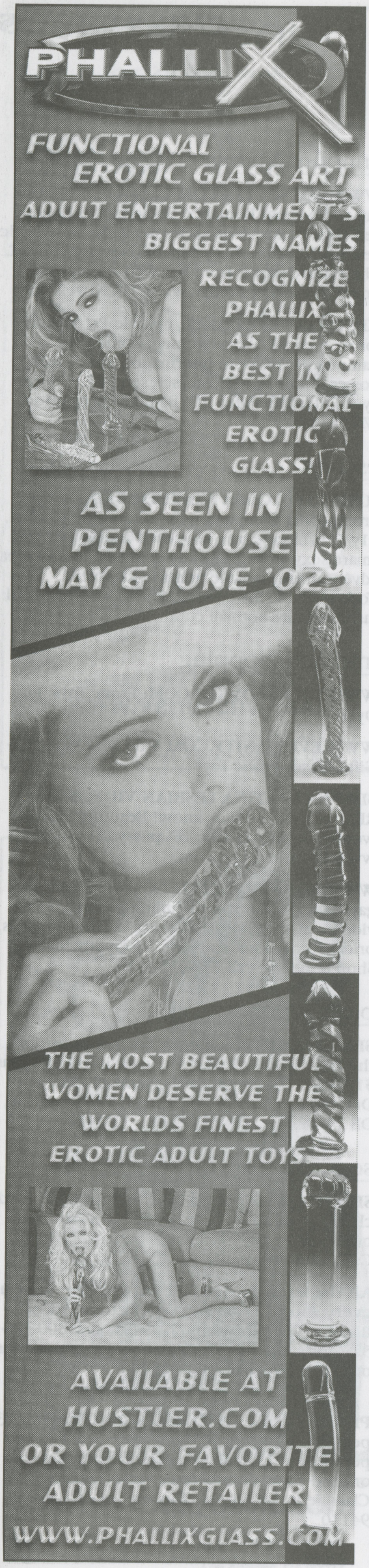

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What's the Weirdest Thing You've DONE IN BED?

compiled by
Rachel Kramer Bussel

Politically Incorrect

One of my lovers has a Hillary Clinton fetish and asked me to recite a particular speech that Senator Clinton once delivered. Fortunately, I'm a total newshound and I have a champion memory, so I was able to oblige her with at least a few senatorial paragraphs. It was definitely a turning point in my relationship to role-playing in bed. *Katie*

Vegan-Certified

The weirdest yet oh-so-delightful thing has been my boifriend asking me to fuck her with a cucumber while it's still inside me. Double-dildo delight! *Kay*

Killer Klown

My old lover had a full clown suit that she acquired for a film she was making. One night she showed up wearing it, grabbed me, flung me over her shoulder, carried me to the bed, and then pretended to rape me. *Annie*

Book Release

When I was in college, I habitually did reading or homework lying naked on my stomach in bed. I had a partner who liked to go down on me or fuck me while I was studying this way and insisted that I continue what I was doing and not let myself be distracted. *Sarah*

Narcolesbian

This request wasn't that weird but the result was. My girlfriend begged me and begged me to have a threesome with another friend of ours. I was reluctant, but finally agreed, and when the night finally arrived, in the middle of all the action, my girlfriend fell asleep! She made lots of excuses about it, but we never tried it again. *Mona*

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Rubber Fetish

A girl I'd been flirting with at school showed up at my door with a package of balloons. We filled them with water and hit each other with them until we were both soaked. Afterwards she held one of the ballons out like a cock and made me suck it while she jerked off. *Doris*

Oral Hijinks

One butch lover always wanted me to do things with my mouth instead of my hands; I had to unzip her jeans, get things for her, turn on lights. It was a turn-on but not such an easy thing to do, though I did learn how to perform lots of tasks with teeth. *Grace*

Car Jack-off

One girlfriend asked me to masturbate on a long car trip, but she wanted me to pull up my entire skirt and take off my panties. I wasn't allowed to stop until I had an orgasm. We were in major traffic and I know everyone could see me, so I shut my eyes very tightly and did it as fast as I could. *Sarah*

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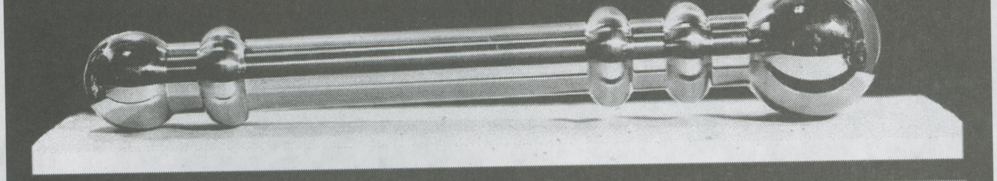

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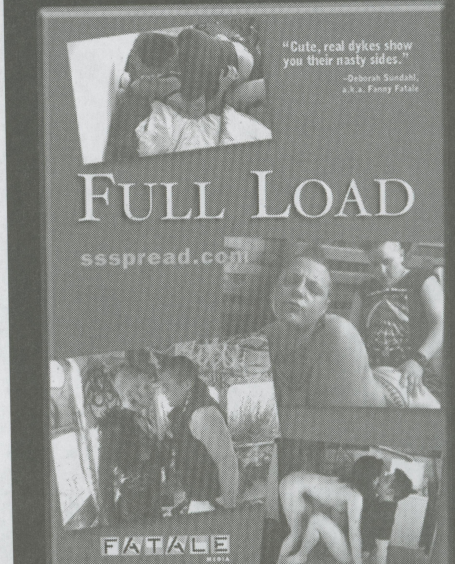
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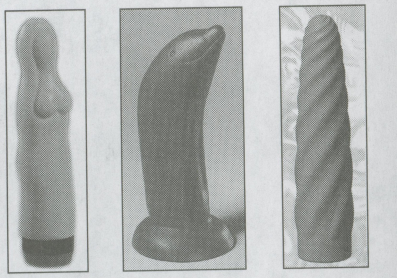

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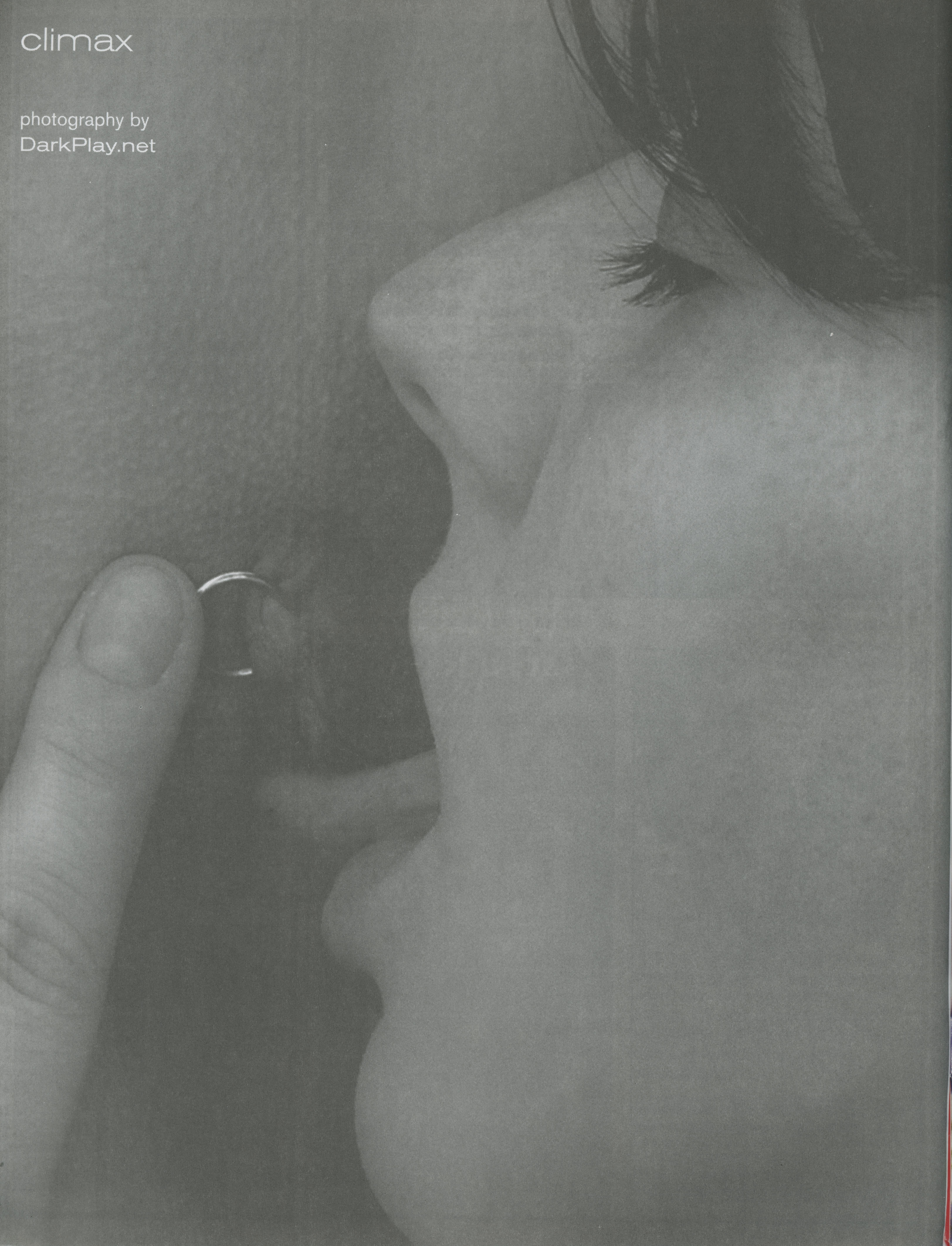

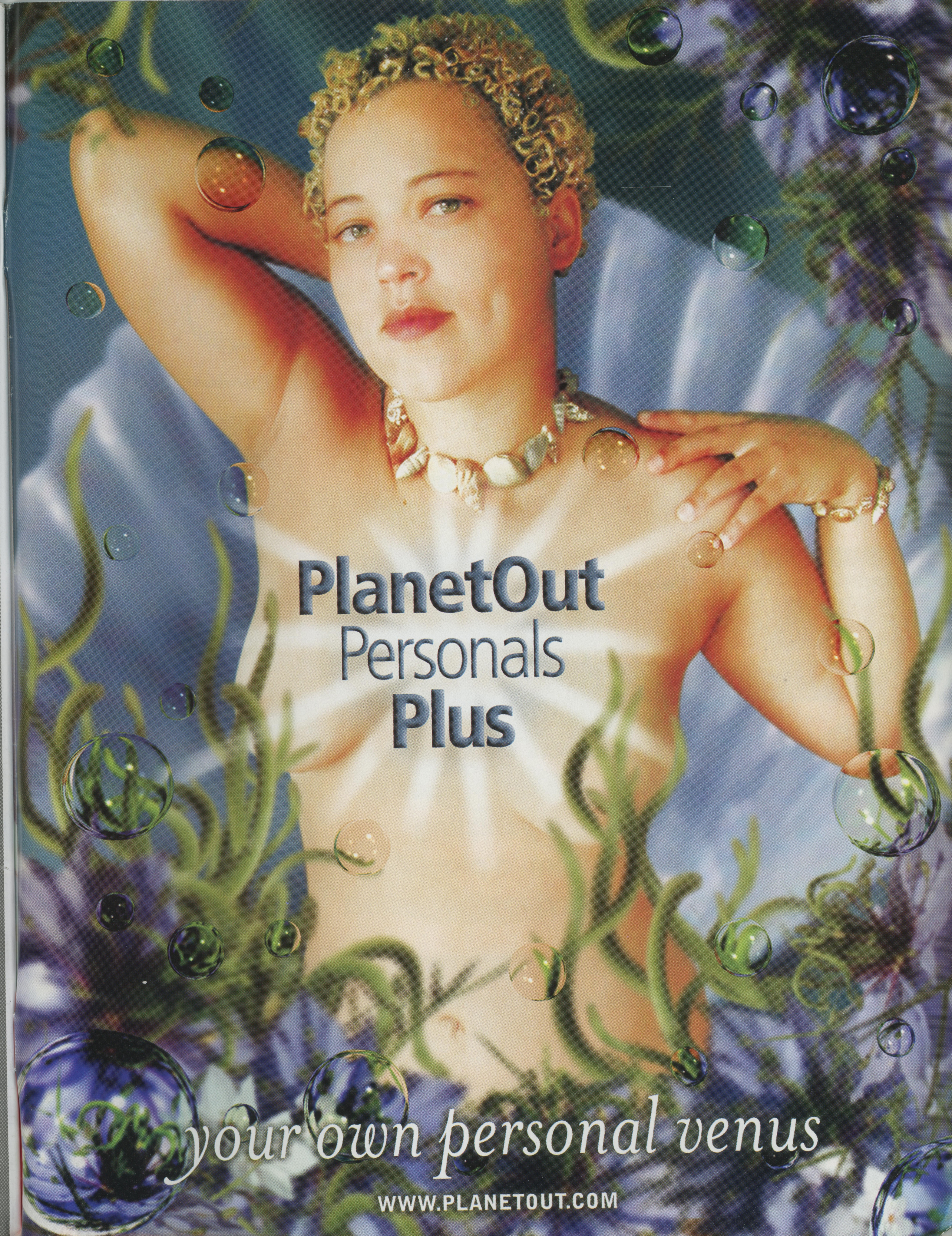
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